

Hotel laboratories of night
Pulse purple crystal cries
Tearing fat December terrors
Like slashed sewer rats --
Green forever cries suck
Electric marrows for love
And finding home
Phosphorescent opal bones --
Poiniard cries
Green glass membrane walls
And blue chimes fly
Forever half-past self.

-- Steve Rosenberg

jane's dawn

two forms cross a trembling landscape.
two riders in the mythical light
orient to the escaping moon. the trees
separate from sparse redness
to glow upon their path. one rider
is tall, and carries an oblique silence.

the tapestry of approaching birds
textures the light with morning.
one rider is tall, and carries
an oblique beauty. her streaming form
fades with the mist and the distance
down their soundless path. the trees
lead a broken lane toward the moon.

two forms enter the horizon. the sun
retracts its shadows towards the bases
of the trees. a hawk revolves
in the tilted distance. one rider
is tall, and her hair like a
hand extended, covers the shy moon.

-- Erik Kiviat